

The Bee.

WHERE THE BEE CAN BE HAD.

Mrs. J. H. Bell, Druggist, corner 16th and M streets, Northwest.

Henry J. Bell, Druggist, corner 4th and Pennsylvania streets, Northwest.

Wm. L. Freeman, corner 15th and M street, Northwest.

Franklin House, 318 Pennsylvania Ave., Northwest.

South Washington Branch Office: Dr. R. S. Laws, Manager, 7th 4 1/2 Street.

West Washington, JAMES L. TURNER, 117 Montgomery St.

South Washington, PEOPLES BOOK STORE, 127 1/2 Street, N. W.

Alexandria, Va., BRANCH OFFICE, R. B. Robinson, Manager, No. 182, South Columbus street.

Subscribe for the BEE, only 20 cents per month.

Our merchants should bear in mind that there is a colored population of seventy thousand colored people in the District of Columbia, and if they want their trade, advertise in the BEE.

The reception of the Gay Heart Social Club, No. 1, which took place at Congress Hall last Thursday evening was a grand success. The toilets of the ladies were unique and beautiful. Much credit is due to those who had the entertainment in charge, especially, Messrs. Wm. L. Freeman, president; Wm. Roy and Misses J. B. Rouns, Emma Johnson, Greenwood Bruce, and many others.

Judge Sudd, will hold receptions daily for all persons who may voluntarily call. "Black Maria" will make morning trips to the station houses free of charge. The reception at the Police Court were largely attended during the week.

A smart boy to learn the printing business is wanted at the office of the BEE. Call between the hours of 4 and 5 o'clock.

Company B. Capital City Guards; will celebrate their first anniversary on Tuesday, December 4th. This celebrated company will then be one year old. There will be a street parade in the afternoon, and a grand banquet in the evening. The committee of seven will make the occasion a grand success.

There was quite an excitement in the vicinity of Hill's bottom this week among the colored people. It was rumored that the colored people's Jesus (Bro. John Brooks) was dead.

The readers attention are called to the advertisement of C. H. Pearson and W. P. Gray, who have opened a first class barber shop at the corner of Thirteenth and H street, Northwest.

Major Sampson B. Bailey, late of Norfolk, now of Norfolk, is anxiously sought after by his late canvassers here in this city. They voted their men, but still we were beat by the largest majority ever cast here, Bailey is a failure, and we would advise him to stay away. The gamblers say Bailey is a good key to follow.

Mr. John A. Seaton, who holds a lucrative position in New York city, will spend his holidays here. Mr. Seaton was the first colored Alderman elected here and enjoyed the esteem of all men irrespective of party or creed.

Mr. Wm. A. Rowe, late a straight candidate for the House of Delegates, from this city and county, received 53 votes out of 3000 votes cast. Now that's not bad.

The Washington M. E. Conference meets at Lynchburg, March 12th. Bishop E. G. Andrews will preside. This assembly will be an important one as the laity will be represented, besides the appointment of preachers to their different fields of labor. It will be called upon to elect delegates to the General Conference which meets next May at Philadelphia, and in all probability that body will elect colored delegates.

We propose to put in a bid to the state central Republican Committee for the assembling of the next state convention. Cannon's Opera House will be completed by that time.

Look out for the BEE next week, it will be brimful of news.

THE COLORED CADET.

It is learned at the war department that Alexander, the Ohio colored cadet, who was admitted to the academy upon passing the examination after the white boy whose absence he was had failed to pass, occupies a very different position to the academy from that of Flipper or Whittaker. Alexander is treated as an equal by the boys of his class in their work and their play. No difference is made between him and any other boy by his comrades. All this without constraint on the part of authorities of the academy, and in the most natural way possible. The instructors think well of him.

CONVERTED BY INGERSOLL.

Gen. Lew Wallace says that he was converted to Christianity by Col. Ingersoll. He was inclined to be skeptical as to the divinity of Christ. Ingersoll presented his infidel views. Wallace was much impressed, but finally remarked that he was not prepared to agree with Ingersoll on certain extreme propositions. Ingersoll thereupon urged Wallace to give the matter careful study, expressing his confidence that he would, after so doing, fully acquiesce in the Ingersoll view. For six years he thought, studied and searched. At the end of that time he said: "The result is the absolute conviction that Jesus of Nazareth is not only a Christ and the Christ, but that he is also my Christ, my Savior and my Redeemer."

THE NEW PUBLIC HALL.

With their accustomed enterprises, the Washington Cadet Corps have seized upon the opportunity offered, and have taken a lease for a term of years of a fine new building, now in course of completion, on O street, Northwest, between 7th and 8th streets, to be used as their armory, and a public hall, which will be for rent at reasonable rates, for public meetings, entertainments, lectures, concerts, fairs, etc., thus relieving many of our churches from turning their sacred edifices into places of barter, and affording to the numerous colored organization of the city, an accessible place for the holding of anniversaries, giving entertainments, etc. It is a well known fact, that there has not been for the past two years any place available for such purposes, and of a suitable size to be secured for love or money for the use of our people, and we should all show by our patronage, the appreciation which our young friends so richly merit. They expect to have possession of the building during the coming week, and will have an invitation house warming on Thursday night, after which time the Hall will be open for engagements for all unreserved evenings. Several parties we learn, have already bespoken evenings, and it might be well for those desiring to speak up early.

For the purposes of the Armory, there is on the second floor, in the front, an officers room, containing a locker for each officer, and a washstand, as fixtures, the furnishing has not yet been done of course. Back of this room is a room of a little larger size, for the use of the non-commissioned officers, containing a smaller room for the Company property, and exclusive use of the Quartermaster. West of these two rooms and running the entire depth of the building from front to rear is the drill room, which will have a gun rack similar to that in the new armory of the National Rifles, and be used as the general assembly room for the men. On the upper floor, and covering the whole building is the drill room, measuring 61 by 56 feet.

A CARD TO THE PEOPLE.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 15, 1883.

The public and my patrons are hereby notified that I have removed to 738 13th street, N. W., with C. H. Pearson, where I can accommodate all who may favor me with their patronage. Hair-cutting, Shampooing, Shaving and Dyeing done in first class style.

Very Respectfully,
WILLIAM P. GRAY.

ALEXANDRIA ANNALS.

Reported especially for the BEE.

Mr. R. B. Robinson is getting down to work for the BEE in this city. He hopes to get 500 monthly subscribers. The BEE will find him an energetic canvasser.

Our city churches are enjoying great prosperity, spiritually and financially. Roberts Chapel, M. E. church and the First Baptist church are the oldest in the city. Next in order follows the Third Baptist, Shiloh Baptist, Bethel Baptist, Mt. Zion Baptist, Ebenezer Baptist and Walker Episcopal Chapel. Revs. P. G. Walker, Samuel Madden, Cook, Graham, Warring, and Bailey constitutes our spiritual advisors. In point of ability, eloquence and efficiency, they rank as a body second to none in the state. The BEE will in the future give short synopses of the several discourses delivered in the above churches.

Mr. Chapman Fannin has gone into the coal and wood retail business. Chap. is a jolly fellow.

Messrs. W. H. Madella, P. H. Simpkins, and Geo. W. Piper, our efficient school teachers, are attending the Howard University Medical College.

Lieutenant Wm. A. Carter will soon lead to the marriage after a beautiful and popular lady.

Sir Knight, Geo. L. Preston of the Interior Department is the best drilled Knight Templar in the state.

Mr. Charles Scipio of the Interior Department has located here. He will find in the old Belle Haven a cordial welcome. We need enterprising and live young men in our midst.

Mr. Wm. Gray the well known dealer in cattle, and who conducts the best meat stall in our market, is the richest colored citizen here. He is reputed to be worth twenty thousand.

The military boom is still booming, and we will soon have a crack company.

Col. David A. Windsor our popular Postmaster, is not the least dismayed by the recent turn of affairs. He is the best organizer in the district, and is most feared by the Democrats. The Bourbons would not roll up their big majorities here had Col. Windsor been in command.

CIVIL RIGHTS AT ALEXANDRIA.

The colored citizens of Alexandria and vicinity, will hold a Civil Rights meeting in that city at Armory Hall, next Wednesday evening, November 21st. The meeting will be held under the auspices of the Old Dominion club. Hon. Frederick Douglass, M. H. Holland, Esq., A. St. A. Smith, and W. Calvin Chase, Editors of the Washington BEE will deliver addresses. Invitations have been sent to Register B. K. Bruce, Col. R. G. Ingersoll, Hon. Geo. C. Gorham, Col. D. A. Windsor, Postmaster of Alexandria, and others.

CLARA TO LOUISE.

DEAR LOUISE:

I cannot begin to tell you how glad I was to receive your last letter; you may say that I was, as with many a letter, supremely happy. I hope we will have uninterrupted communication for a long time. You were not at church Sunday, were you? I attended the 15th street, and heard Dr. Grimké preach a powerful sermon, especially dedicated to sneaks, pious and small sized stone throwers, and those in front of him, just then and there when in the midst of his scorching rebuke and terrible assault on liars, sneaks and slanders, had he made a move how many heads would have dodged. Well Lou, all churches have a quota more or less, but this church seems to care less, and from all churches, localities and communities, both near and far. It is not the real people of this church, or the real people of the city that form this class, but it is the imports from here, there and everywhere, that get into Washington and make this church their stage. The largest number of people that leave their places for the good of the place, who make their way to Washington, seem to think that their proper place is to get in as one of the 15th street

church. Well what to do; get in to society. We suggest (I do) that a decided more strict surveillance be exercised over matters there in the future, and that the proper caution be exercised to get the church back to her old standard.

I am very glad to hear that it is intended to make a wedding, that is to occur at Berean, December 19th, a real society affair. She is a smart girl and all this community will wish her a prosperous journey. The Virginia residents in the city will no doubt make the occasion one of note and honor of the busy, C. J. M. who has been orator and gossip politician over in the old state for a number of years. We shall get a glimpse of several Richmond belles, who will be here at that time. E. C. L. that made such a hit in Louisville last fall, will be with us in time for the wedding, and the first Sparta sociable. Mrs. A. is deserving of all the honors and courtesies that she is receiving at the Capitol. She is to be classed with those called the "public women" of the state. Bessie has recovered, she was out driving last Wednesday with the young Californian. I asked her about him, she said that his claims upon her were based on the simple fact that he was by all odds the most unpretending man she was ever introduced to. They go together very much, no doubt he thinks lots of her. Miss W. whose acquaintance I have not the pleasure to possess, is fast growing into favor as a musician. She deserves more than is said for her as the presiding one at Asbury organ. Our old friend (W. C.) was ever so kind, he obtained seats for us at the great Ingersoll meeting, and we thank him for his goodness. The O. M. E. was even more eloquent than usual, and Col. Robert, oh! I just put him where Sumner stood. The other affair at Dr. Rankins church was dull, flat, stale and unprofitable affair. The Professor was at least twenty years behind. He made a speech, a stump speech, but submitted no remedy for the present, nor did he say anything that the whole audience did not know. Men who would be leaders, must not remain away from the scene of action too long. When you see G. tell her not to fail to attend the Literary on M-street on the 20th. I will be present with a dear friend from St. Louis, and I am anxious for her to meet him. After this, he can call on me in person. I have an object in introducing them at the Literary. I am glad to tell you that I have at last succeeded in getting the S. S. I am so proud of it. I shall break the ice with it at Jerome's wedding. Jennie will be back on the 22nd. Kate has not been to our house since September. The young man from Tennessee made no impression upon her whatever. She says that he is as light as a feather in his head. C. will be with us on Tuesday. The Dramatic Club has much trouble in getting on its feet. G. R. is the proper man to be its head, very true, but material is lacking. No, indeed, I would not think of doing it. Alexandria alone does the Democrats half. You can observe the mean, biting rebellious spirit, manifesting itself towards colored ladies who travel on the boats between here and there. Sadie who is teaching near Danville, wrote to her mother that over seventy colored men were killed in Virginia from the 25th of October to November 6th, and each death was because of the loyalty and adherence to Gen. Malone, and the liberal party. Good bye until week after next.

Your own,
CLARA.

ST. AGUSTINE'S CHURCH FAIR.

The fair for the benefit of St. Augustine's church was formally opened Wednesday night in the basement of the church, which was prettily and tastefully decorated. The Excelsior brass band was in attendance and rendered a select programme of music. The tables were arranged as follows: Fancy goods, in charge of Mrs. Elizabeth Troy; confectionery, Mrs. M. C. James; Sunday school table containing silverware, china and glassware, embroideries, clothing, hats, umbrellas, Turkish rugs, shippers and paintings, the latter including a portrait of Father Berotti, in charge of Miss Sarah Smith; lunch table, Miss T. Jackson; punch table, Miss Nellie Smallwood; supper room, Miss C. Hamilton; fancy table, Mrs. James Jackson, assisted by Misses Williams, Jackson, Herbert and Hopkins; confectionery, Mrs. Jane Smallwood; fancy goods, Miss Mary Davis.

Among the articles to be voted for are a lady's gold watch to the most popular young lady, silver watch to the most popular attorney, and a gold badge, insignia of the Knights of St. Augustine, to the most popular knight. The proceeds of the fair, which will continue until the thirtieth inst. will be used in reducing the debt of the church. The attendance was quite large.

The fair will continue for two weeks. The voting for the lady's watch is becoming quite interesting. There are quite a number of ladies who have entered the contest and all feel sanguine of success.

BETHEL LITERARY.

Tuesday evening last, Bethel Hall was packed with a cultivated and interested audience. Miss Gibbons' "Flee as a Bird," was sung in a truly artistic style. Mr. Walter H. Brooks read an original poem that portrayed the condition at the south as truly as the "Fools Errand" and "Bricks without Straw." Rev. Mr. Coppin was then introduced. He is not only a man of thought and experience but a wit of no small pretension. His theme, "What must we do," was a practical essay on the situation and what our people should do. After a good sensible talk from Mr. Coppin, Rev. Dr. Arnett, financial secretary of the board of missions of M. E. Church was introduced, and spoke for ten minutes, then Mr. Malord, Mr. Carter, Mr. Richardson, Mr. Brooks, and finally Mr. Coppin closed the discussion. The evening was well spent. Mr. Frederick Douglass speaks next

PECULIAR INDUSTRIES.

Among the many peculiar industries ferreted out by the special agents of the Census Bureau, one of the most curious is said to have been discovered in Boston, where a firm is reported to be doing a large business in making an imitation honey in the comb. Singular as this statement appears, there seems to be no reason to doubt it. According to the account given by the special agent to whose knowledge the case was brought, the comb is molded out of paraffine wax, in good imitation of the work of bees; the cells are then filled with simple glucose syrup, flavored doubtless with some genuine honey, and sealed up by a hot iron over the top. The product is sold for the best clover honey, and much of it is said to be shipped to Europe.

Other observations of interest which were made, were that the confectioners, besides using glucose very largely as a substitute for cane sugar, likewise employed immense quantities of white earth (terra alba). It is practically harmless, and being very cheap, is used by the trade to make weight and bulk.

Great quantities of tomato catsup, has been ascertained, are being made without the raw material, the ingenious manufacturers getting the skins and refuse of the great tomato canning establishments.

Another industry, the magnitude of which would certainly not be suspected, is the manufacture of paper patterns for dresses and wearing apparel. In New York alone there are reported to be no less than ten such establishments, which employ some tens of thousands of dollars' worth of such goods all over the country.

The manufacture of artificial flowers and feathers is reported to be a rapidly growing industry.

Tuesday evening, subject: "Philosophy of Reform."

Our subscribers must bear in mind that on the first of every month our collector will call and if you fail to pay for the BEE your name will be erased from the books. Always have the 20 cts. ready. Remember also your back subscription.

The Centennial Social Club which is so well known in this community will give their first reception at Willard's Hall Monday evening, Nov. 19th. General admission 50cts. See advertisement in amusement column.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

New dramatic recruits, Miss Mary Nalle and Mrs. Mary Oty.

The new dramatic company it is said will introduce a strong cast of characters.

The performances at Ford's Opera house and the National Theatre were interesting this week.

The fifth verse in the poem which was dedicated to the BEE by Miss A. V. McCabe, our vocalist, should have read as follows:

Thy friends are many because of thy stings
Thy foes look upon thee with fear.
They know what is borne on thy web like wings,
And thy hum they know when they hear.

Miss Jennie Arnold who was married on last Wednesday evening in Alexandria is considered to be one of the finest readers in that city. She will be missed in the literary circle of that city.

The concert which is to take place at Lincoln Hall on Thanksgiving evening, under the management of Mr. Henry F. Grant, should be attended by the people. Those who have not heard Miss Nellie Brown Mitchell should embrace this opportunity.

The choir of St. Augustine's church still holds its own in the musical line. The many changes which have taken place have not effected the popularity and strength of the choir.

A very pleasant musical entertainment was given at the 5th Baptist Church last Thursday evening under the auspices of Mr. Calvin D. Johnson, Miss Eessie V. Wood acted as pianist.

SOUTH WASHINGTON NEWS.

Rev. Mr. Gibbons preached an excellent sermon last sabbath.

The young ladies of this vicinity are making arrangements to have a grand entertainment Thanksgiving evening.

A historical club is to be organized shortly.

The people of this section are much pleased with the BEE. Your correspondent has already received two hundred subscribers within the present week.

The most popular minister is Rev. Gibbons. He has the largest congregation of any minister in this section.

Dr. Sumby is doing an immense practice.

The Irish and Negroes don't agree. There is a disposition on their part to make a fuss with the colored people. They find out that they disturbed the wrong tree.

Every colored person in South Washington should subscribe for the BEE.

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WHO TAKE "T."—People of all classes take tea. Dead people take eternity; gay people festivity; free people liberty; fashionable folks society; good people piety; successful candidates majority; unsuccessful ditto minority; editors honesty; solemn citizens gravity; funny rosters levity; orthodox citizens deity; polite people civility; bashful citizens modesty; kind ones charity; bachelors and old maids singularity; short people brevity; cunning folks rascality; romantic simpletons novelty; respectable people Christianity; artistic people beauty; strong people responsibility; criminals penality, etc. [The T pot cracked at this juncture.]

A woman can't put on any side-saddle style when she goes to bathing. She has either got to kick out like a man or get drowned.

WEST WASHINGTON NEWS.

There is to be a marriage on the 20th inst, between Rev. John F. Waters and Victoria Butler of West Washington.

Rev. John F. Becket of Wilmington, Delaware, paid a flying, and surprising visit to his parents on O st. near 27th, on Friday evening and returned on Saturday morning. Mr. B. presented the appearance of health and looked to be from the fields of plenty.

The Ladies of Ebenezer Church have recently recarpeted their church which presents a beautiful appearance. They gave on Monday an excellent supper the proceeds for the painting of the church.

The Bethesda Literary Association held their meeting at their Hall on Thursday evening last. Question for discussion was, "Is it best for the colored people to emigrate to the far West," which was discussed by Mr. Clark in the affirmative and H. W. Hewlett in the negative and was continued until the 14th for general discussion.

DIED.

James A. the 4 year old son of Sandy and Ella Donaldson on Wednesday at 2 p. m., Residence 28th near P. sts.

The infant son of Joseph and Maggie Dorsey on Wednesday at 3 p. m. on Dunbarton and 28th sts.

We regret to report the death of Rev. Wm. Hicks, who died on Thursday in last week at his residence on O st, bet. 28th and 29th sts., his funeral was preached in Mr. Zion church on Monday the 12th inst at 10 o'clock, a. m. and from his large and favorable acquaintance drew together an immense concourse of friends from different portions of the city to pay their last tribute of respect to one who has lived for the right and died for the same.

Parents should take warning and see to it that their shooting instruments are all kept away from their children. A youth was accidentally shot and killed, on Saturday afternoon, near the cor. 27th and I st, while some boys were skylarking. Wm. Henderson, one of their number was accidentally shot and from the effect of the wound died in less than twenty-four hours.

A fire in Georgetown on Monday the 12th inst. about 4 o'clock the general alarm was sounded which was quickly responded to by all the fire departments in the District. The fire broke out in a two story brick warehouse cor. 31st and Water st, which was occupied by Messrs. Jarboe, Rubin and Rigeway as a cooper shop. Had it not been for the prompt attendance of the fire department there might have been a fearful destruction in that vicinity by fire.

Miss Neal, of West River, Md. is stopping with Rev. Mr. Dennis' family.

Mrs. Capt. Cornell will soon open a fancy store in the Fisher's new building 28th bet O and P sts. She has the good wishes of her many friends for her success in her new enterprise. Mrs. C. is bound to prosper in her new business for her long experience of handling fine goods will give her superior advantages over many others in the same business.

Rev. Edward Murphy preached at Mt. Zion Sunday morning. They are still having a crowded mourners bench and a great many are being added to their church from conversions.

Sunday was a rainy and gloomy day, still all the churches were well attended. Rev. Mr. Brown, of Ebenezer, preached a special sermon Sunday evening which drew a large crowd.

The first Baptist Church was also well attended. Services conducted by the pastor.

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Remedies for Girdled Fruit Tree.

With regard to fruit trees girdled completely by field mice in winter, Downing says that all that is necessary to save them is, as soon as the sap rises vigorously in the spring, to apply a new piece of bark taken from a branch of proper size, tying it firmly and drawing up the earth so as to cover the wound completely, the gnawed edges of the bark having been previously cut evenly down so that the pieces of applied bark will fit properly. When the tree is too large to apply an entire new separate pieces carefully fitted will answer. It will reduce the loss somewhat by pruning that it may not make too large a wound on the roots for food. Another practice, which the same authority thinks more especially applicable, is to take a very large graft or sprout of last year's growth, and after splitting them in halves, pare each down to a thin edge and insert them underneath the bark of the tree just above and below the wound. Tie the whole firmly with strong grass matting and draw up the earth to cover the place and keep out the air. A correspondent says that an application of clay on the outside of the tree will cause the bark to grow without a scar. According to our own experience, unless operated upon by an expert, those trees which are wholly girdled had better be dug up; those which are not should have moss or cow manure or something of the kind bound about the injured parts to retain moisture and protect against the air and the sun. Tying laths about the trees or washing the stems for a foot or so above the ground with whale-oil or carbolic soap will repel rabbits.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A Texan's Revenge.

COLONEL PELTON, THE SLAYER OF THE APACHES.

Colonel Albert C. Pelton, whose beautiful twenty thousand acre ranch is on toward the Rio Grande, near Laredo, has been the Peter the Hermit of the Texans for years. He has believed that he held a divine commission to kill Apache Indians. Colonel Pelton came to Texas in 1844, a common soldier. By talent and courage he rose to the rank of Colonel, and finally, in 1857, commanded Fort Macrae. That year he fell in love with a beautiful Spanish girl at Abiquin, New Mexico. Her parents were wealthy and would not consent to their daughter's going away from all her friends to live in a garrison. The admiration of the young couple was mutual, and parental objections only intensified the affection of the lovers. The nature of the Spanish girl is such that once in love she never changes. Finally, after two years of atreacy and devotion, Colonel Pelton won the consent of the parents of the beautiful Spanish girl, and they were married.

Then commenced a honeymoon such as only lovers shut up in a beautiful flower-strewn fort can have. The lovely character of the beautiful bride won the hearts of all the soldiers of the fort, and she reigned a queen among these rough frontiersmen. One day, when the love of the soldier and his lovely wife was at its severest, she, accompanied by the young wife's mother and twenty soldiers, rode out to the two springs, six miles from the fort, to take a bath. While in the bath, which is near the Rio Grande, an Indian arrow passed over their heads. Then a shower of arrows fell around them, and a band of wild Apache Indians rushed down upon them, screaming and yelling like a band of demons. Several of the soldiers fell dead, pierced with poisoned arrows. This frightened the rest, who fled. Another shower of arrows, and the beautiful bride and her mother fell in the water, pierced by the cruel weapons of the Apache. With his eyes before him, Colonel Pelton sprang up the bank, grasped his rifle, and killed the leader of the savage fiends. But the Apaches were too much for the Colonel. Armed with two poisoned arrows, he went into the river and hid under an overhanging rock. After the savages had left, the Colonel swam the river and reached his camp before the eyes of Colonel Pelton. Here his wounds were dressed, and he finally recovered, but only to live a blasted life—without love, without hope—with a vision of his beautiful wife, pierced with poisoned arrows, ever perpetually before his eyes.

After the death of his wife a change came to Colonel Pelton. He seemed to feel that he had a sacred duty to perform to avenge his young wife's death. He secured the most unerring rifles, surrounded himself with brave companions, and consorted himself to the work of revenge. He was always anxious to lead any and all expeditions against the Apaches. Whether any of the Apaches were killed at war with the Apaches, Colonel Pelton would soon be at the head of the former. One day he would be at the head of his own soldiers and the next day he would be at the head of a band of Mexicans. Nothing gave him pleasure but the sight of dead Apaches. He defied Indian arrows and bullets, and he died a hero. One of the wildest desperadoes he penetrated a hundred miles into the Apache country. The Apaches never dreamed that anything but an entire regiment would dare to follow them to their camp in the mountains. So when Colonel Pelton swooped down into their camp with ten trusty followers, firing his Henry rifles at the rate of twenty times a minute, the Apaches fled in consternation, leaving their women and children behind. It was then that there darted out of a lodge a white woman.

"Spare the women!" she cried, and then she fainted to the ground.

When the Colonel jumped from his saddle to lift up the woman he found she was blind.

"How came you here, woman, with these damned Apaches?" he asked.

"I was wounded and captured," she said, "ten years ago. Take, oh, take me back again."

"Have you any relations in Texas?" asked the Colonel.

"No, my father lives in Abiquin. My husband, Colonel Pelton, and my mother were killed by the Indians."

"Great God, Bella! I say you—what?"

"Oh, Albert, I knew you would come!" exclaimed the poor, wide-blinded, reaching her hands to clasp her husband.

Of course there was joy in the old rancho when Colonel Pelton got back with his wife. The Apaches had carried the wounded woman away with them. The poison caused inflammation, which finally defied the best medical skill.

When I saw the Colonel he was reading a newspaper to his blind wife, while in her hand she held a bouquet of fragrant geraniums, which he had gathered for her. It was a picture of absolute happiness.—*Cor. of Chicago Tribune.*

Little Johnny on Dogs.

One time there was a fellow but a dog of a man in the market, and the dog it was a biter. After it had bit the fellow four or five times he threw a clothesline over its neck and led it back to the dog man in the market, and he said to the dog man, the fellow did, "Ole man, didn't you use to have this dog?" The dog man he looked at the dog, and then that awhile, and then he said, "Well, yes, I had him about half the time and the other half he had me." Then the fellow he was furious mad, and he said, "What did you sell me such a dog as this for?" And the old man he spoke up and said, "For four dollars and seventy-five cents, I'll give you." Then the fellow he guessed he would go home if the dog was willing. Uncle Ned, which had been in the dog and every one, he says the Mexican dog don't have no hair on 'em. Dogs howl louder than cats, but cats in more purry and can wank on top of a fence and blow up their tail like a balloon when they want to spit.

The Girl Graduate.

"Could I see the editor?" she asked, looking around for him and wondering what was going on under his table.

"Eh! yes, I'm him," responded the editor, evolving himself and slipping a cork in his vest pocket. "What can I do for you?"

"I am a student in Packer Institute," responded the blushing damsel, "and I have written a little article on 'Our school days' which I would like to have published in the Brooklyn Eagle, if you think it is good enough."

"Certainly," replied the editor, gazing in unconscious admiration upon the beautiful face before him. "Does it commence, 'Our school days'?" how the words linger in sweet memories on the strings of memory? is that the way it runs?"

"Why, yes," responded the beaming girl. "Then it goes on, 'How we look forward from them to the time when we shall look back to them.' How did you know?"

"Never mind," said the editor, with the engaging smile which has endeared him to the citizens of Brooklyn. "After that comes 'So they have flown from us into the immutable past, and come to us in after life only as echoes in the caves of sweet recollections. Isn't that it?'"

"It certainly is," answered the astonished girl, radiant with delight. "How could you know what I had written?"

"Then it changes from the pianissimo and becomes more tender: 'The shadows gather around our path. The roses of friendship are withering, but may we not hope that they will bloom again as we remember the affections that bound us here and made us—'"

"No, you're wrong there," and the soft eyes looked disappointed.

"Is it 'Hope on, hope ever?' asked the editor.

"That comes in further on. You had it nearly right. It is: 'The sun shadows close around us. The flowers of friendship are sleeping, but not withered, and will bloom again in the affectionate remembrance of the chains that bound us so tightly.'"

"Strange that I should have made that mistake," said the editor, musingly. "I never missed one before. From there it goes, 'Schoolmates, let us live so that all our days shall be as radiant as those we have known here, and lay we pluck happiness from every rose, forgetting never that the thorns are below the roses and pitying to use those hands are bruised in the march through life.'"

"That's it!" exclaimed the delighted girl. "Then comes, 'Hope on, hope ever.'"

"Sure you're born," cried the editor, blushing with pleasure, and once more on the march.

"Yes, yes, you're right," giggled the girl. "I can't see how you found me out! Would you like to print it?" and her face assumed an anxious shade.

"Certainly," responded the editor. "I'll say it is by the most promising young lady in Brooklyn, the daughter of an esteemed citizen, a lady who has taken a high social rank."

"That finishes the school commencement at one swoop," sighed the editor, gloomily, as the fair vision floated out. "Can't see how I made that blunder about the shadows ever rising and friendship. Either I'm getting old, or some of these girls have struck something original. Here, Swipes, tell the foreman to put this stuff in the next tax-sales supplement," and the editor felt in his hair for the cork, and wondered what had happened to his memory.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Elder Duck.

The elder duck (*Sonateria melanotos*), is one of the most valuable birds of the northern regions, supplying, as it does, a most important article of commerce, and furnishing one of the chief means of support for the people of the north. For these reasons the elder duck is zealously guarded and cherished by the inhabitants of Norway and all the northern islands; and in Iceland the killing of one of these birds or the secreting of an egg is rigorously punished by law. The elder duck, as is well known, robs her own breast of down with which to line her nest, and also reserves a supply of down as a covering for her eggs while she is away in pursuit of food. The down is thus easily secured by the owners of the islands, who do not hesitate to rob the nest a second, and even a third time after it has been patiently rebuilt by the mother bird.

The eggs are guarded and cherished by the inhabitants of the islands, and constitute an important article of food. Only one or two are left in the nests to hatch, and those which are not consumed are pickled for winter use. The breeding places of the elder duck are private property, and are the source of a large income to their owners. The plan most frequently adopted is to remove the eggs and down, when the female lays another set of eggs and covers them with fresh down. These are again taken, and then the male is obliged to give his help by taking down from his own breast, and supplying the place of that which was stolen. The down of the male kind is particularly valued, and is seen in the nest, the eggs and down are left untouched in order to keep up the breed.

In the male bird the top of the head is velvety black, and the cheeks are white. The ears and back of the head is pale green. The head is large. The neck and upper parts of the breast are white, and the lower parts of the neck pale buff, and the breast and abdomen black, relieved by a patch of white on the flanks. The bill and legs are green. The female is reddish brown, mottled with darker brown. The total length of the bird rather exceeds two feet.

The Old Man's Ghost.

Several days ago, says the Gazette, a celebrated spiritualist came to Little Rock and stated that before giving an entertainment he would give a sense, where any member of a small invited circle would call up the spirits of their friends and converse with them. By mistake a man from down the river was admitted; a man whose violence would not place his spirit above par in the soul market. After listening awhile to rapping, homborling, and guaze vel materialization, the man asked:

"Say, Cap'n, what's the old man's ghost?"

"What old man?" asked the medium.

"My old man, the Governor. Call him up."

"What is his name?"

"Tom Beals; call him up."

"I don't think we are in communication with him to-night."

"What's the matter; wire down?"

"No, the old gentleman is off on a visit."

"Now, here, just shut up your wardrobe and turn out your light. If you don't give the old man a ghost a show, the thing shan't run."

"Wait, I'll see if he'll come," said the spiritualist. If he raps three times he is willing; if only once he has other engagements.

A sharp rap sounded. "He is not willing," continued the spiritualist.

"Now, here," said the best man, "that was my old man's knock. Why, he'd hit that table he'd splintered it. Call him up," and then drawing a revolver the affectionate son cast a severe look at the medium.

"To tell the truth, I can't call him up."

"Tell him I want to see him. That'll fetch him."

"No, he won't come; but I beg you to be patient. Wait; ah! he will come presently. He is here and desires to talk with you. He is perfectly happy, and says he longs for the time when you will be with him. He is one of the rulers in the spirit land."

"Cap'n, you are the infernal liar in Arkansas. Why so, sir?"

"Because the old man is in the city prison, drunk as a fool."

THE COLORED CADET.

It is learned at the war department that Alexander, the Ohio colored cadet, who was admitted to the academy upon passing the examination after the white boy whose absence he was had failed to pass, occupies a very different position to the academy from that of Flipper or Whittaker. Alexander is treated as an equal by the boys of his class in their work and their play. No difference is made between him and any other boy by his comrades. All this without constraint on the part of authorities of the academy, and in the most natural way possible. The instructors think well of him.

CONVERTED BY INGERSOLL.

Gen. Lew Wallace says that he was converted to Christianity by Col. Ingersoll. He was inclined to be skeptical as to the divinity of Christ. Ingersoll presented his infidel views. Wallace was much impressed, but finally remarked that he was not prepared to agree with Ingersoll on certain extreme propositions. Ingersoll thereupon urged Wallace to give the matter careful study, expressing his confidence that he would, after so doing, fully acquiesce in the Ingersoll view. For six years he thought, studied and searched. At the end of that time he said: "The result is the absolute conviction that Jesus of Nazareth is not only a Christ and the Christ, but that he is also my Christ, my Savior and my Redeemer."

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